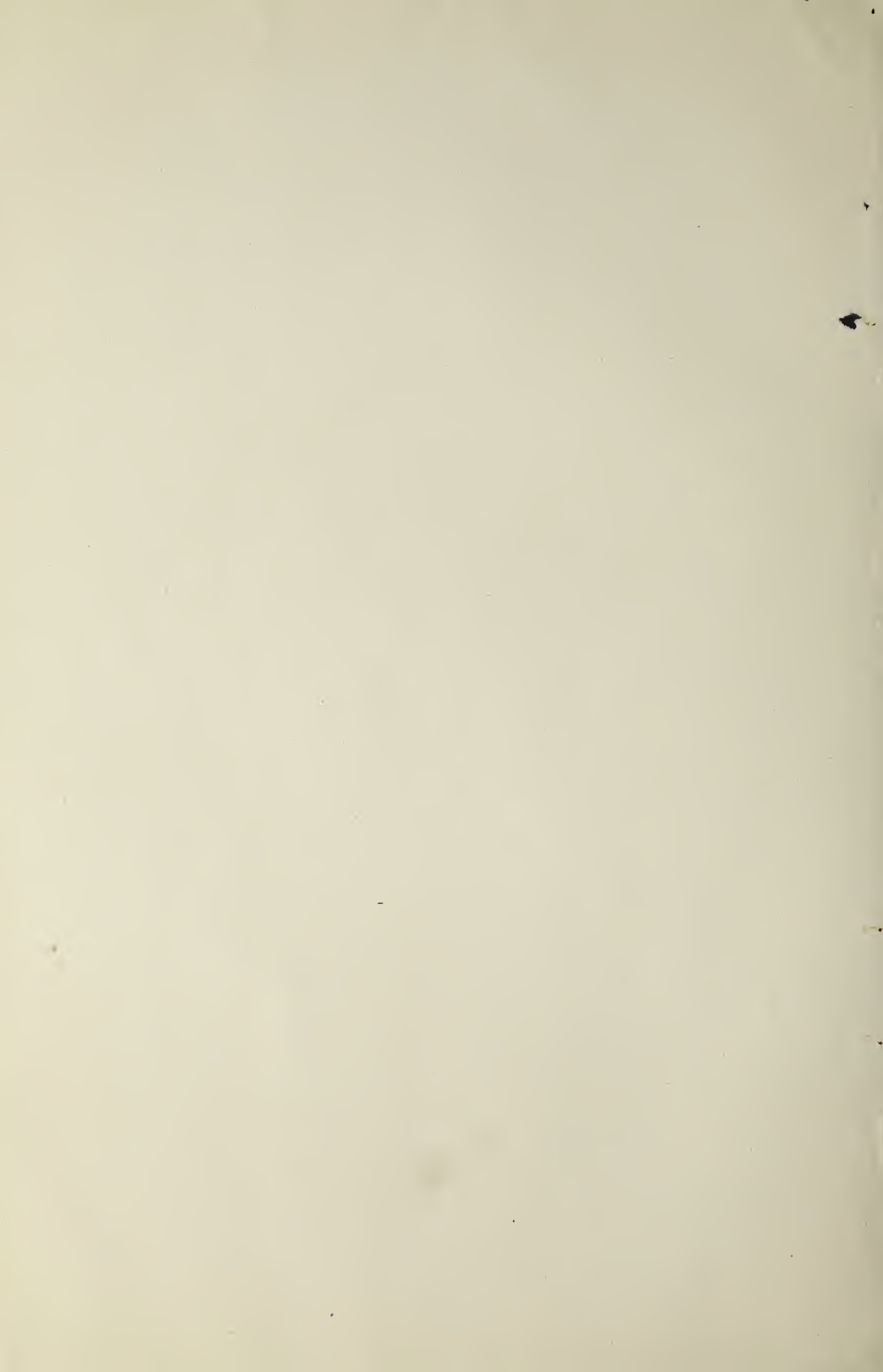

Israel Donalson, Maysville's First School
Teacher

HIS THRILLING ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS

BY

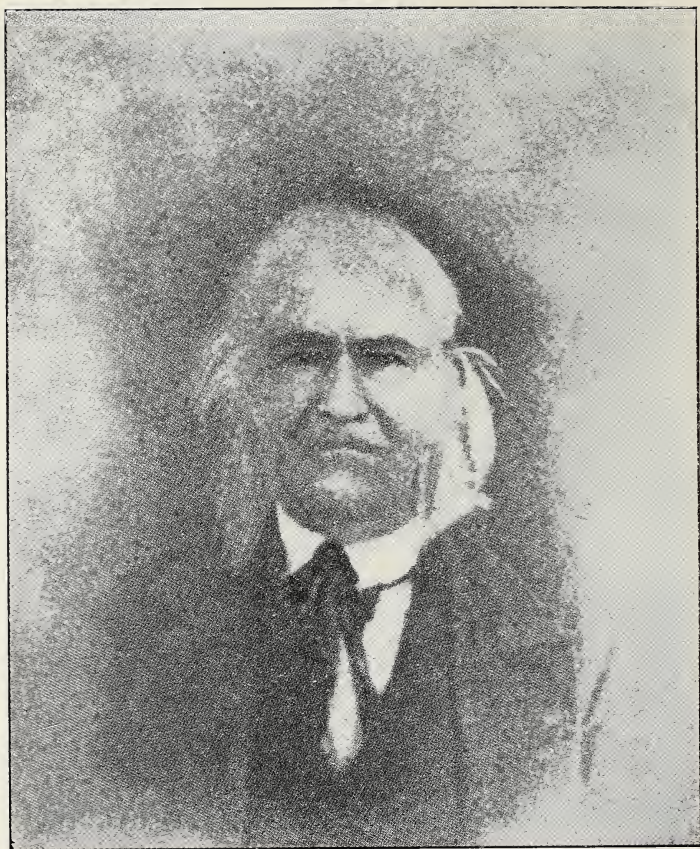
A. F. CURRAN

By Hunt Register May 1917





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ISRAEL DONALSON,
Maysville's First School Teacher.
Last Survivor of the Ohio Constitutional Convention of 1802.

ISRAEL DONALSON, MAYSVILLE'S FIRST TEACHER

By A. F. Curran.

"Limestone Station," was first settled in the spring of the year 1784 by Simon Kenton, Edward Waller ("Old Ned Waller"), John Waller and George Lewis, who erected a log block house, the first solid human structure ever built on the site of the present city of Maysville.

Limestone, by reason of its situation on the Ohio River and at the northern terminus of the then rude roadway first blazed through the unbroken forest by Daniel Boone from Lexington to Maysville, became the most noted town or station, in the entire and vast territory West of the Alleghanies.

In historic interest, and in the number of famous pioneer characters resident there, Limestone, later Maysville, led all other places in the unsettled domain. Four-fifths of all the western immigrants, pouring in by flatboat or wagon train, stopped, or touched at Limestone, which became the Mecca of the pioneer and the base of supplies and the chief place of safety for the white settlers in all the dark forest area then dominated by the Ohio Indians.

Daniel Boone, and Jacob Boone, his cousin, Simon Kenton, Arthur Fox, Gen. Henry Lee, George Mef-

ford and Thomas Brooks, were the founders of Limestone, later changed to Maysville in honor of Capt. John May, who, with Simon Kenton, owned the land upon which the place was built.

The name, "Limestone," was given to the station by reason of its location at the mouth of Limestone Creek, so named in 1773, by Capt. John Hedges. The name incidentally is now famous all over the world as a trademark. We have "Limestone" whisky, flour, tobacco, cigars, and scores of other "Limestone" products, sold wherever men barter. So the word "Limestone" has its own peculiar significance; a standard meaning and value, even as popular and enduring as the eternal "blue rock" of Kentucky, which in millions and millions of tons, forms the material foundation of our incomparable Commonwealth.

Here in Limestone, at about the same place on the river bank, now Front street in Maysville, Daniel Boone's noted tavern stood during the three years, 1786-7 and 8, where he and his heroic wife, Rebecca Bryan Boone, resided. Some fifty years later, General Henry Lee, Boone's friend and companion, erected the large three-story

brick hotel building, known as the "Lee House," which still stands, almost as solid as the day it was built. Sixty years ago the Lee House was noted throughout the country for its elegant and hospitable service.

The Waller blockhouse, a double-log structure with pallisaded walls and court, Limestone's first structure, also became its first school house.

In this rude building, an ideal sketch of which is shown in this article, in the summer of 1790, Israel Donalson taught the first school at Limestone. This old block house stood at the southwest corner of Second and Limestone streets and was removed about 1810 and a large brick warehouse erected on the lot. This warehouse for the sale of wool, tobacco and grain, also contained a dungeon in the basement where negro slaves were kept in chains for barter and sale. Eight years ago this old warehouse was torn down and our present magnificent high school building erected on the identical spot where Israel Donalson taught the first school, nearly 127 years ago.

So "Boone's Tavern," and "Donalson's School," grew and developed in after years into historic landmarks that we now point to with pride, as two spots, at least, that have not been forgotten or neglected in Maysville's notable history.

Donalson, who afterward became one of Ohio's most distinguished pioneer-citizens, was born in New Jersey in the year 1767; settled at Manchester, Ohio, where he died

in 1860, aged 93 years. He lived "an honored and useful life." He was one of the first common pleas judges of the Ohio courts, held many other public offices, and was also a member of the convention which formed the first constitution of Ohio in 1802, and the last survivor of that body.

Of the general personnel and the names of the pupils attending Donalson's Limestone school, very few facts are known.

Limestone was six years old when Donalson arrived there, but the state of the times was so swirling, lively and exciting, that no one seemed to take tab of local events, and thus history is silent and void of much of its truth, realism and its wonderful stories of pioneer life and adventure; stories that thrill posterity more and more as the memory of these heroes recede in the dim vistas of the lapsing years.

In the year 1790, the town of Washington, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Limestone, overshadowed the latter about like Maysville now overshadows Washington. Then Washington had 700 people and its schools were among the most noted in the colonies.

Then Washington was a cultured Paris in learning, books and society, while Limestone was but a rough and tough barricaded station composed of a dozen rude log cabins and a blockhouse; all nestling under the shadows of the big trees and the high hills, and by the side of the silent and majestic Ohio with the great Indian menace constantly overhanging the entire

northern section of the horizon like unto a haunting vision of terror. Limestone, then, truly was a buffer for Washington, and from Waller's blockhouse, Boone and Kenton and their intrepid companions, were enabled to battle successfully against the Indian forays and thus beat back hostile incursions that unprevented might have wiped Washington entirely off the map of Kain-tuck-ee.

But, God reigned! and Limestone grew from a mere forest station into one of the most wonderfully beautiful, wealthy and attractive cities in the country, whose scenic environs hang like gorgeous paintings around it.

Alas, poor Washington! How hast thou fallen into such utter neglect and decay? It was the home of Col. Thomas Marshall, father of Chief Justice John Marshall, who as General Washington's friend, was also one of the mighty heroes of the Revolution. Here sleep three Tom Marshalls, a colonel, a captain and a general. Here also dwelt scores and scores of other great Americans; besides, it gave to fame Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and General William Nelson.

In many of these now crumbling residences are a score or more of chimney mantles imported from Europe over a hundred years ago. They are doubly beautiful works of art, now, but mute witnesses of the splendid place Washington occupied in Colonial days.

Of his coming to Limestone, Donalson wrote in 1842 as follows:

"In May, 1790, I took passage on

board a flatboat, at Mingotown, on the Ohio, for Kentucky, and arrived at Limestone on the first night of June. I got into a public house, but was not able to procure food, fire or bed and no nourishment but whiskey. A number of us that had landed that evening spent the night sitting in a room which was a grand one for those days. There had during the spring been a good deal of mischief done on the river, but we saw no Indians. There were in our company landed at Limestone, 19 boats, I think. Major Parker, of Lexington, was our admiral and pilot.

"During the summer of that year I taught school in what is now called Maysville. During the winter of 1790-91, I became acquainted with Nathan Massie, and in the spring of 1791 I came to reside in his little fort, Manchester, O., in the then county of Hamilton, Northwestern Territory. At this time there was very little law or gospel in the territory and the usual mode of settling disputes was by a game of fisticuffs; and at the close sometimes a part of a nose or ear would be missing; but a good stiff glass of grog generally restored harmony and friendship."

In April, 1791, pedagog Donalson was captured by the Indians just above Manchester, on Donalson creek, named in his honor. The story of Donalson's escape from the redskins and his journey to Cincinnati and thence back to Maysville, forms one of the most thrilling narratives in the history of the early settlements. Here is

“Uncle” Israel’s own story as written by himself, June 27th, 1842, at Manchester, when 75 years of age:

CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL DONALSON.

“At the request of a number of friends, I attempt to give you a brief account of my checkered life, which has been one full of incidents, many of which it is not now in my power to relate, having kept no journal. I write entirely from memory, which is every day growing more indistinct. I was born in the county of Hunterdon, State of New Jersey, on the second of February, 1767. While quite small, my father moved to Cumberland County, in said State, where I was reared up and received my education, and where we had perilous times during the long revolutionary struggle. I was too young to take any part in it myself, but quite capable of noticing passing events. I have known two companies to leave the house of worship during the services of one Sabbath to face the enemy. In the fall of 1787, I left my native State, to seek my fortune in western wilds. My first stop was in Ohio County, State of Virginia, where I remained until the spring of 1790; part of the time farming, part of the time teaching school, and a third part I was among the rangers, stationed by the State of Virginia, at the old Mongo town, about eighteen or twenty miles above Wheeling. In May, 1790, I took passage on board of a flatboat for Kentucky, and arrived at Limestone on the first night of June.

I am not sure whether it was the

last of March or first of April, I came to the Territory to live; but on the night of the twenty-first of April, 1791, Mr. Massie and myself were sleeping together in our blankets, for beds we had none, on the loft of our cabin, to get out of the way of the fleas and gnats. Soon after lying down, I began dreaming of Indians, and continued doing so through the night. Some time in the night, however, whether Mr. Massie waked of himself, or whether I wakened him, I can not now say, but I observed to him I did not know what was to be the consequence, for I had dreamed more about Indians that night than in all the time I had been in the western country before. As is common he made light of it, and we dropped again to sleep. He asked me next morning if I would go with him up the river, about four or five miles, to make a survey, and said that William Lytle, who was then at the fort, was going along. We were both young surveyors, and were glad of the opportunity to practice. Accordingly we three and a James Tittle from Kentucky, who was about buying land, got on board of a canoe and were a long time going up, the river being very high at the time. We commenced at the mouth of a creek, which since that day has been called Donalson creek. We meandered up the creek; Mr. Massie had the compass, Mr. Lytle and myself carried the chain. We had progressed perhaps one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty poles, when our chain broke, or parted, but with the aid of a toma-

hawk we soon repaired it. We were then close to a large mound and were standing in a triangle, and Lytle and myself were amusing ourselves pointing out to Tittle the great convenience he would have by building his house on the mound, when the one standing with his face up the river, spoke and said, "Boys, there are Indians!" "No," replied the other, "they are Frenchmen." By this time I had caught a glimpse of them. I said they were Indians and begged my companions to fire. I had no gun and from the advantage we had, did not think of running until they started. The Indians were in two small bark canoes, and were close into shore and discovered us just at the instant we saw them; and before I started to run I saw one jump on shore. We took out through the bottom and, before getting to the hill, came to a spring branch. I was in the rear and as I went to jump, something caught my foot and I fell over the opposite side. They were then so close I saw there was then no chance of escape and did not offer to rise. Three warriors first came up, presented their guns all ready to fire, but as I made no resistance they took them down and one of them gave me his hand to help me up. At this time Mr. Lytle was about a chain's length before me, and threw away his hat; one of the Indians went forward and picked it up. They then took me back to the bank of the river, and set me down while they put up their stuff, and prepared for a march. While sitting on the bank of the river, I could see the men

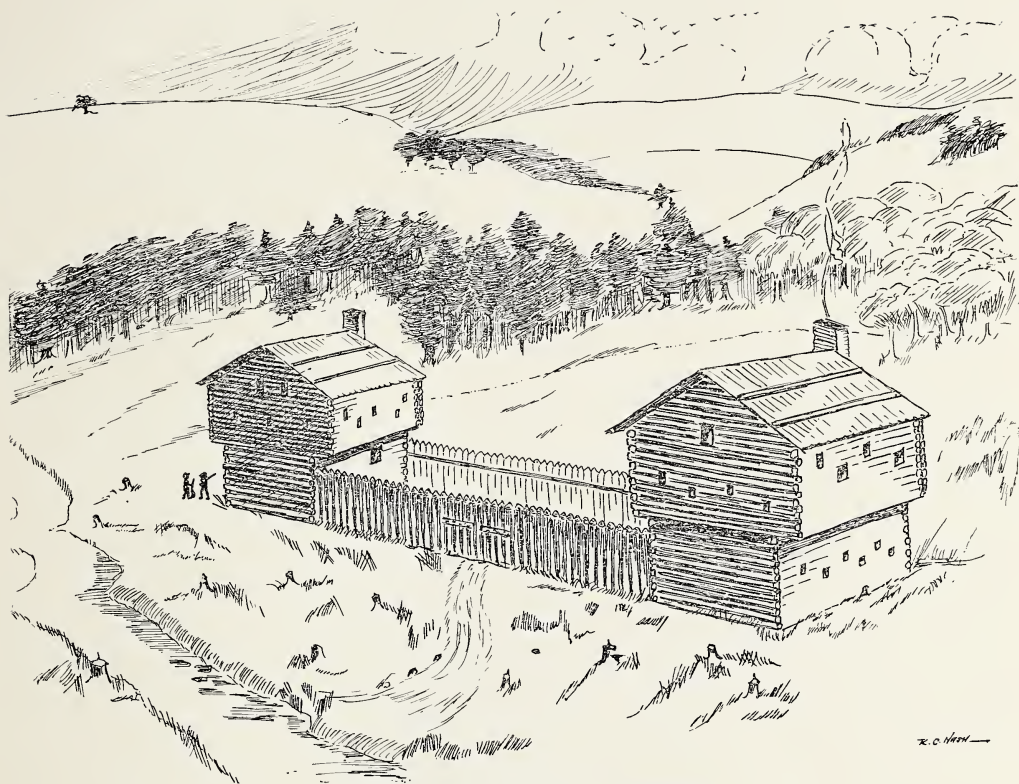
walking about the blockhouse on the Kentucky shore, but they heard nothing of it. The Indians went on rapidly that evening and camped, I think, on the waters of Eagle Creek. We started next morning early, it raining hard, and one of them seeing my hat was somewhat convenient to keep off the rain, came up and took it off my head and put it on his own. By this time I had discovered some friendship in a very lusty Indian, I think the one who first came up to me; I made signs to him that one had taken my hat; he went and took it off the other Indian's head and placed it again on mine, but had not gone far before it was taken again. I complained as before, but my friend shook his head, took down and opened his budget and took out a sort of blanket cap, and put it on my head. We went on; it still rained hard, and the waters very much swollen, and when my friend discovered that I was timorous, he would lock his arm in mine, and lead me through, and frequently in open woods when I would get tired, I would do the same thing with him and walk for miles. They did not make me carry anything until Sunday or Monday. They got into a thicket of game, and killed, I think, two bears and some deer, they then halted and jerked their meat, eat a large portion, peeled some bark, made a kind of box, filled it, and put it on me to carry. I soon got tired of it and threw it down; they raised a great laugh, examined my back, applied some bear's oil to it and put on the box again. I went on some distance

and threw it down again; my friend then took it up, threw it over his head, and carried it. It weighed, I thought, at least fifty pounds.

While resting one day one of the Indians broke up little sticks and laid them up in the form of a fence, then took out a grain of corn, as carefully wrapped up as people used to wrap up guineas in olden times; this he planted and called out "squaw," signifying to me that that would be my employment with the squaws. But notwithstanding my situation at the time, I thought they would not eat much corn of my raising. On Tuesday, as we were traveling along, there came to us a white man and an Indian on horseback; they had a long talk, and when they rode off, the Indians I was with seemed considerably alarmed. They immediately formed in Indian file, placed me in the center, shook a war club over my head, and showed me by these gestures, that if I attempted to run away they would kill me. We soon after arrived at the Shawnee camp, where we continued until late in the afternoon the next day. During our stay there they trained my hair to their own fashion, put a jewel of tin in my nose, etc. The Indians met with great formality when we came to the camp, which was very spacious. One side was entirely cleared out for our use, and the party I was with passed the camp to my great mortification, I thinking they were going on; but on getting to the further end they wheeled short around, came into the camp, sat down—not a whisper. In a few minutes two of the oldest got up,

went around, shook hands, came and sat down again; then the Shawnees rising simultaneously, came and shook hands with them. A few of the first took me by the hand; but one refused, and I did not offer them my hand again, not considering it any great honor. Soon after a kettle of bear's oil and some cracknels were set before us and we began eating, they first chewing the meat, then dipping it into the bear's oil, which I tried to be excused from, but they compelled me to it, which tried my stomach, although by this time hunger had compelled me to eat many a dirty morsel. Early in the afternoon, an Indian came to the camp and was met by his party just outside; then they formed a circle and he spoke, I thought, near an hour, and so profound was the silence, that had they been on a board floor, I thought the fall of a pin might have been heard. I rightly judged of the disaster, for the day before I was taken, I was at Limestone, and was solicited to join a party that was going down to the mouth of Snag Creek, where some Indian canoes were discovered hid in the willows. The party went and divided, some came over to the Indian shore, and some remained in Kentucky and they succeeded in killing nearly the whole party.

There was at our camp two white men; one of them could swear in English, but very imperfectly, having, I suppose, been taken young; the other, who could speak good English, told me he was from South Carolina. He then told me different names which I have forgotten,



OLD WALLER BLOCK HOUSE.

except that of Ward; asked if I knew the Wards that lived near Washington, Kentucky, I told him I did, and wanted him to leave the Indians and go to his brother's, and take me with him. He told me he preferred staying with the Indians, that he might nab the whites. He and I had a great deal of chat, and disagreed in almost everything. He told me that they had taken a prisoner by the name of Towns, that had lived near Washington, Kentucky, and that he had attempted to run away and they had killed him. But the truth was, they had taken Timothy Downing the day before I was taken, in the neighborhood of Blue Licks, and had got within four or five miles of that camp, and night coming on, and it being very rainy, they concluded to camp. There were but two Indians, an old chief and his son. Downing watched his opportunity, got hold of a squaw-axe and gave the fatal blow. His object was to bring the young Indian in a prisoner; he said he had been so kind to him he could not think of killing him. But the instant he struck his father, the young man sprang upon his back and confined him so that it was with difficulty he extricated himself from his grasp. Downing then made for his horse and the Indian for his camp. The horse he caught and mounted; but not being a woodsman, he struck the Ohio a little below Scioto, just as a boat was passing. They would not land for him until he had ridden several miles and convinced them that he was no decoy, and so close was the pursuit, that the boat

had only gained the stream when the enemy appeared on the shore. He had severely wounded the young Indian in the scuffle, but did not know it until I told him. But to return to my own narrative; two of the party, viz., my friend and another Indian, turned back from this camp to do other mischief, and never before had I parted with a friend with the same regret. We left the Shawnee camp about the middle of the afternoon, they under great excitement. What detained them I know not, for they had a number of their horses up, and their packs on, from early in the morning. I think they had at least one hundred of the best horses that at that time Kentucky could afford. They calculated on being pursued and they were right, for the next day, the twenty-eighth of April, Major Kenton with about ninety men, were at the camp before the fires were extinguished; and I have always viewed it as a providential circumstance that the enemy had departed, as a defeat on the part of the Kentuckians would have been inevitable. I never could get the Indians in position to ascertain their precise number, but concluded there were sixty or upward, as sprightly looking men as I ever saw together, and as well equipped as they could ask for. The Major (Kenton) himself agreed with me that it was a happy circumstance that they had gone.

We traveled that evening, I thought, seven miles, and encamped in the edge of a prairie, the water a short distance off. Our supper that night consisted of raccoon

roasted, undressed. After this meal I became thirsty, and an old warrior to whom my friend had given me in charge, directed another to go with me to the water, which made him angry; he struck me and my nose bled. I had a great mind to return the stroke but did not. I then determined, be the result what it might, that I would go no further with them. They tied me and laid me down as usual, one of them lying on the rope on each side of me; they went to sleep, and I to work gnawing and picking the rope (made of bark) to pieces, but did not get loose until day was breaking. I crawled off on my hands and feet until I got into the edge of the prairie, and sat down on a tussock to put on my mocassins, and had put on one and was preparing to put on the other, when they raised the yell and took the track, and I believe they made as much noise as twenty white men could do. Had they been still they might have heard me as I was not more than two chains' length from them at the time. But I started and ran, carrying one mocassin in my hand; and in order to evade them chose the poorest ridges I could find; and when coming to logs lying crosswise, would run along one and then along the other. I continued on that way until about ten o'clock, then ascending a very poor ridge, crept between two logs, and being very weary soon dropped to sleep, and did not waken until the sun was almost down. I traveled on a short distance and took lodging in a hollow tree. I think it was on Saturday that I got to the Miami.

I collected some logs, made a raft by peeling bark and tying them together; but I soon found that too tedious and abandoned it. I found a turkey's nest with two eggs in it, each one having a double yolk; they made two delicious meals for different days. I followed down the Miami, until I struck Harmar's trail, made the previous fall, and continued on until I came to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. I think it was on Sabbath, the first day of May; I caught a horse, tied a piece of bark around his under jaw, on which there was a large tumor like a wart. The bark rubbed that and he became restless and threw me, not hurting me much, however. I caught him again, and he again threw me, hurting me badly. How long I lay insensible I don't know, but when I revived he was a considerable distance from me. I then traveled on very slow, my feet entirely bare and full of thorns and briars. On Wednesday, the day I got in, I was so far gone that I thought it entirely useless to make any further exertions, not knowing what distance I was from the river; I took my station at the foot of a tree, but soon got into a state of sleeping, and either dreamt or thought that I should not be loitering away any time; that I should get in that day; which, on reflection I had not the most distant idea. However, the impression was so strong, that I got up and walked some distance. I then took my station again as before, and the same thought again occupied my mind. I got up and walked on. I had not traveled far before I thought I

could see an opening for the river; and getting a little further on I heard the sound of a bell. I then started and ran (at a slow speed undoubtedly); a little further on I began to perceive that I was coming to the river hill; and having got about half way down, I heard the sound of an axe, which was the sweetest music I had heard for many a day. It was in the extreme outlot; when I got to the lot I crawled over the fence with difficulty, it being very high. I approached the person very cautiously until within about a chain's length, undiscovered, I then stopped and spoke; the person I spoke to was Mr. William Woodward, the founder of Woodward High School. Mr. Woodward looked up, hastily cast his eyes around and saw that I had no deadly weapon; he then spoke. "In the name of God," said he, "who are you?" I told him that I had been a prisoner and had made my escape from the Indians. After a few more questions he told me to come to him. I did so. Seeing my situation his fears soon subsided; he told me to sit down on a log and he would go and catch a horse he had in the lot and take me in. He caught his horse, sat me on it, but kept the bridle in his own hand. When we got into the road people began to inquire of Mr. Woodward, "Who is he, an Indian?" I was not surprised nor offended at the inquiries, for I was still in Indian uniform, bareheaded, my hair cut off close, except the scalp and foretop, which they had put up in a piece of tin, with a bunch of turkey feathers, which I could not undo.

They had also stripped off the feathers of about two turkeys, and hung them to the hair of the scalp; these I had taken off the day I left them. Mr. Woodward took me to his house where every kindness was shown me. They gave me other clothing; coming from different persons, it did not fit me very neatly, but there could not be a pair of shoes got in the place that I could get on, my feet were so much swollen. But what surprised me most was that when a pallet was made down before the fire, Mr. Woodward condescended to sleep with me. The next day soon after breakfast General Harmar sent for me to come to the fort. I would not go. A second messenger came; I still refused. At length a Captain Shambrugh came; he pleaded with me, told me I might take my own time, and he would wait on me. At length he told me that if I did not go with him, the next day a file of men would be sent, and I would then be compelled to go. I went with him; he was as good as his word and treated me very kindly. When I was ushered into the quarters of the commander, I found the room full of people waiting my arrival. I knew none of them except Judge Symmes, and he did not know me, which was not surprising considering the fix I was in. The general asked me a great many questions; and when he got through he asked me to take a glass of liquor which was all the aid he offered; meantime had a mind to keep me in custody as a spy, which, when I heard it, raised my indignation to think that a commander of an army

should have had no more judgment when his own eyes were witnessing that I could scarce go alone. I went out by his permission and met Col. Strong. He asked me if I was such a person; I answered in the affirmative and passed on. In going out of the gate I met his son. He knew me at a glance, and after a few minutes chat he pulled a dollar out of his pocket, offered it to me, saying, it was all that he had by him, but when I wanted more to call on him. I told him I did not think I should stand in need, people generally appeared so kind; but he insisted on my taking it; and I believe I brought it home with me. In the course of that day, I got down to the river, and went into the store of Strong and Bartle, men that I had done business for previous to the campaign. For three or four weeks I was busy in making out accounts and settlements. My office was a smoke house about six or eight feet square, built of boat material, and stood, I think, a little above Main street.

In the course of the day, Mr. Collin Campbell came in. Bartle asked him if he knew me. He viewed me a considerable time, and answered, "No." He then told him, but Mr. Campbell could hardly believe him. But when convinced, nothing would do but that I must go home with him to North Bend, that he might nurse me up and send me home. We got down some time in the night; he had all his family to get up, and see what a queer man he had brought home. After some time we got to bed, and next morn-

ing, just after daylight, he came up into my chamber, or rather loft, and wakened me up. I begged of him to let me lay a little; no, I must get right up, and he would have in all who passed by to see me. Wherever he went I had to go. I stayed there about two weeks, gaining in health and strength every day.

About this time there was a contractor's boat coming up the river. He hailed it and made the arrangements for me to go with them; put up provision for the trip, and did everything that a near relative could have been required to do. About the time I left the Bend, some of the citizens professed to believe me to be a spy, and said, that if I did not leave there they would; and that I was only waiting a fair opportunity of bringing the enemy in upon them. As I did not want to break their peace, I thought best to leave them. When I got on the boat, I found two persons on board that I was well acquainted with, and was treated very kindly. Nothing particular occurred on the boat. When we got up to Limestone, I was greeted by almost every man, woman and child, particularly those that had been under my tuition. The Captain Bartle above mentioned was among the first settlers of Cincinnati. I had not seen him for forty years, until we met on the twenty-sixth of December, 1838, the time the pioneers were invited to the half centennial celebration of Cincinnati. We then met, and at his request lodged in the same room. We parted the next day, never more to meet in this

world; he was then ninety-four years of age, and his since paid his last debt."

Has a Kentucky schoolmaster since that time ever been given such a sincere and royal welcome by his former pupils as the children at Limestone accorded Israel Donalson in 1791?

Did ever a teacher have such an adventure, escape alive to tell the tale and then live an honored career for 70 years thereafter?

Thus we realize the heroic conditions under which the first Maysville school started; a veritable baptism of blood and fire! Surely it became "The University of Hard Knocks," with Israel Donalson dean of its faculty and his loyal pupils all honored alumni!

Other pedagogs of that glorious age who probably succeeded Donalson, after that worthy old master and hero had set the Limestone "academy" a-going, were Joseph Doniphan, John McQuiddy, Caleb Wallace, Rev. Hiram Miram Currey, and several others of more or less note whose honored names have become lost in the mists of the past. A majority of the above also taught school at Washington and Mayslick.

As to the names and class of the few text books used by "Professor" Donalson, and his contemporaries, they were as nothing compared with the armloads of expensive books, magazines, maps, charts, tablets, etc., which we now see lugged to school daily by the average pupil of this aviating age.

Donalson's text books were The New Testament, Pilgrim's Prog-

ress, Dillworth's Speller, and "Bradford's Almanac," printed in Lexington in 1788; the latter also containing "many profane and vulgar jokes," made in Philadelphia. "Poor Richard's Almanac," was then the classic *vade mecum*.

A Kentucky historian, writing of education in the old days, says: "Poor Richard's Almanac" was to the pioneer cabin what the newspaper is to the modern home. Credulity was universal and the almanac became indispensable. Then the phases of the moon controlled human destiny. With the waxing and the waning of this mysterious planet the whole tide of social and domestic affairs ebbed and flowed. Babies were weaned, grains and vegetables were planted, and hogs were killed with strict regard for the inconstant moon.

"It is a creditable feature of this early society that with such training, and surrounded by the discouragements of poverty, lack of books and lack of school facilities and teachers, the people should have made such early efforts to procure the benefit of schools. The school teacher was early abroad in Kentucky. The first of these knights of the rod was William Coomes, who taught the first school at Harrod's Station, in 1775.

The school house was the familiar log structure, with greased paper covered windows, rough slab benches and desks, and a mammoth fire place. Geography and arithmetic were taught orally, and often in doggerel verse. Writing was more akin to manual than mental exercise, and required the teacher

to be expert in making pens as well as marks; his salary being paid in prorated contributions of pork, corn or whisky; and thus these grosser articles were transmuted into those faculties which charmed a senate or held the world in awe."

Thus in the pioneer school master, we behold a peculiar genius who with the birch and hickory a plenty at hand, spared not the rod. Flogging was the favorite method of pounding "larnin" into a pupil's head, or likely it was often crammed down his throat by several vigorous shakes of the neck. However, it was woe unto the teacher whose moral control slackened. He was sure of a ride upon a rail or a ducking in the nearest pond or creek.

Thus was the first Maysville school. Compare it with the Maysville educational plant of today, with its magnificent high school building, built right upon the spot where Israel Donalson first wielded the rod.

Compare the rough log block-house school room with the present buildings, high school and district, and their equipment; their splendid corps of advanced teachers and professors; its laboratories; its gymnasiums; its lyceum, its orchestra of twenty pieces; its great auditorium; its playgrounds equipment; its penny lunches for poor children; its battery of sewing machines and complete domestic

science course and outfit; its works of art in paintings, engravings and statuary; its basket ball, base ball and foot ball teams; its ten typewriting machines; its department of music, the languages, sciences, and arts, and its four pianos and victrolas; its graded enrollment of eleven hundred pupils. And over all this a system of modern study and education which combined form the ideal and model institution of learning, as good as the best in the world.

Maysville honors the memory of "Donalson, Rand and Richeson," and all the host of loyal educators and teachers who have made her name known throughout the country. But we are proudest of all of the civic interest, causing our educational development, which has given us our magnificent schools of today and makes probable a further new and wonderful growth in the tomorrows awaiting our work and pleasure. When we see what has been done and the living fruits of it, we likewise behold the future as but a ripe harvest field ready to be garnered by the firm hands of noble achievement and unswerving endeavor. We will, because:

So nigh is heaven to our dust,
 So near is God to man;
 When duty whispers low: "Thou must."
 The youth replies: "I can."

—Emerson.